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ADDRESS

TO OUR

Sovereign LADY.

MADAM,

WE Addreſs you to Day in a very new Faſhion,
And tell you of nothing but Force and Invaſion,
Tho ſome folks will Laugh when they hear the Occaſion;
Violation's the Word, not a Tittle ot'h Church,
For as *Johnny* ſays, plainly, Yov'e left that in the Lurch:
That Sham's at an End which made ſuch a pother,
And w'ere plaguily put to our Trumps for another:
For ſince the Curſt Lords have thrown out the Bill,
And have choſe a Committe which Piſs in a Quill;
Who (if we be ſilent) will find out the Plot,
Then *Nott*——s Merit will ſoon be forgot
And ſome of us, probably, may go to Pot.
We're, forc'd to Invent, in this Dangerous Criſis,
Some pretty New Whim to Confound their Devices:
Why Madam, You're Raviſh't, Your Q—ſhipp's Invaded
And we muſt Squeal out till of this You're perſwaded,
But who are the Villains perhaps You will ask,
And if we didn't tell You, 'twou'd be a hard Task
To Gueſs or Perceive You had any Abuſe,
So that we come on purpoſe to tell you the News.
'Tis the Whole Houſe of Lords, thoſe Damnable Lords,
Who have done this ſaid thing upon moſt of our Words:
O Madam, take care of Your Prerogative Royal,
We were never till Now ſo Confoundedly Loyal
For Extending your Power to be humbly Addreſſing;
But You ſee we Conform, on Occaſion ſo preſſing,
To Glut our Revenge, Moderation to foil;
The Peers to Affront, the State to Embroil:
This Glorious Quarrel we come to Avance
Much Dearer to Us, than that againſt *FRANCE.*

ADDRESS

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MADAM,